

Troilus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnrespective same,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath (alas) consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him seruire; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go!)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisdome rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cas. Cry *Troyans*, cry.
Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.
Cas. Cry *Troyans*.
Hect. It is *Cassandra*.
Cas. Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Prophetick teares.
Hect. Peace sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.
Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*
Hect. Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these hie strains
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?
Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiekt the courage of our mindes;
Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainesicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs
Such things as might offend the weakeft spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gauo wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiekt.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should ne'r retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuite.

Pri. *Paris*, you speake
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights;
You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meere to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the foyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ranlack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnsit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of disemp'red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perfit
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Troilus and Cressida.

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritley brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.
Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reueneu.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among't
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowfie spirits;
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therites solus.

How now *Therites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? Shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but
Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, arare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-
selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose
all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they
haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumentation deliuer a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the masse Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue
said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*. Good *Therites* come
in and raile.
Ther. If I could haue remembered a guile counterfeit,
thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common
curse of mankind, follie and ignorance be thine in great
reueneu; heauen blese thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till
thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a
faire coarfe, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't the neuer
crowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?
Patr. What art thou deuout? wait thou in a prayer?
Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?
Patr. *Therites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe,
my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my
Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patro-
clus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therites*: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*,
what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-
er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patr. You rascall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuileg'd man, proceede *Therites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-
sites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-
chilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,
Therites is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a
foole positiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax, and Chalcas.*

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me
thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in
with me *Therites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such
knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a
good quarrel to draw emulation, factions, and bleede to
death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and
Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

Ulis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may
call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my
head, it's pride, but why, why, let him show vs the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nes. What moues *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulis. *Achilles* hath inuicigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Therites*?

Ulis. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he haue lost his
Argument.

Ulis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their faction is more our wish
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could disunite.

Ulis. The amitie that wisdom knits, not folly may
easily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

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